

R E V I E W.

Saturday, April 18. 1713.

THIS is not an Age to complain of Injustice, but to expect it: Tho' it is true, that I never thought the Fury of Men could have run so high, as I find it; yet since it is so, I will rather leave it to expose it self, than return upon them with what it deserves; especially as it is personal, and pointed at ME in particular.

But because so much Mallice has appeared, with little Cause for it, and does still appear in the treatment I have just now receiv'd from a Set of Men, *Whigs I will not call them*, as has scarce been parallell'd in any Age: I cannot but give you a little brief History of Fact, that impartial Men may see a little by it, to what height our Feuds have brought us, and how Mankind would be used, if these Gentlemen had Power suitable to their Will.

It was above twelve Days that two particular Persons, *who call themselves Gentlemen*, and whose Names may be heard of in due time, began a Treaty with Mr. *Faneway*, the Printer, to Re-print such and such Books for them; and then to form this disguise, what Lies, what forged Stories, what false pretences they made use of! Such as Whigs in former Days used to abhor! *Of which*, all I shall say now, is, *God forgive them*; for they were shifts, nothing of Gentlemen could make, nothing of Christians can justify; they were so scandalously untrue in fact — For no good that may follow can justify before God, or Man, the committing so much Evil to bring it to pass.

When by these Frauds and Shams they had discovered effectually that he printed the Books, *which was all they wanted*, it seems, they terrify him with telling him it was *big Treason*; another horrid Falacy; and frighted the Man, not only into a Confession who he had the Copy of, but made him the foolish Implement to betray his Author, as they call me, into their Hands; and causes him to send his Servants and Workmen, with the Lord Chief Justice's Tip-Staff to my House, to be the officious Fools to take me up.

Two of his Men they terrified so, by Threats, as to oblige them to swear, That the Copy of the Books were my Hand-Writing; tho' as I said in my last, neither of them either had one bit of Copy

from me, or ever saw me write a Word in their lives. Upon these Perjuries they obtained a Warrant for me, from my Lord Chief Justice.

Having got the Warrant, Mr. *Faneway's* Boy comes with the Tip-Staff to my House, on *Fry day Night*; the Boy was immediately let in, and spake to me; and the Officer, who stood at the Door when he came out, might have followed him, if he had thought fit; nor was he refused at all, till afterward, making a sham Story of a false Name, and refusing to tell any Business; he rendred himself suspected of other Designs.

But it was apparent afterward, the Design was to bespeak Constables, and People to make a Cavalcade the next Day, and do the thing with as much Malice and Clamour, and as much to Alarm and Expole me as possible. — The next Morning, about 11 a Clock, two of Mr. *Faneway's* People, the same who have sworn so lustily to my Hand, *came to the Door*; as soon as the first of them rung the Bell at the Door, *they were immediately let in*, and without the least difficulty, perform'd what they came about.

I am particular in this, because the Author of the *Flying-Post* has shewn his Teeth in this Case, in so villainous a Manner, as all honest Men must abhor; for in his Paper of *Thursday, April 16*, abandoning Humanity, and as much as possible adding to the Trouble he thought me in, he says, *I having strengthened my House, they were oblig'd to provide Constables, &c.* I am sorry to give Mr. *Ridpath* the Eye, it is what is against my very Nature and Custom; but in so palpable a piece of Malice, I cannot be just to answer him by any other Method; and therefore, asking my Readers Pardon for fouling their Mouths with it in the reading, I say, *If thou, Mr. George Ridpath, art the Author of the Flying-Post, THOU hast published a LYE*; and I shall at any time say it over again to his Face, if he desires it: Not the least strengthening the House, not the least refusing Entrance, not the least occasion to have made a Mobbing Business of it, was really in the Case; for the truth of which, I appeal to the Officer himself. But the Design was plain, (*viz.*) To execute the Warrant, and carry on the whole afterward, with as much Insult, Rage and Noise, and

as little Humanity as they could ; the Tip-Staff himself being asham'd of them.

To Illustrate this piece of Malice, let the Reason of the Case be considered, if I had had *the least knowledge* of the thing, Why was I not gone from Home, which had been better than ten Fortifyings of my House ? And if I had *no knowledge of it*, how could I strengthen the House against them ? — Where-as the truth is, all that know my House, know there is not a Lock, Bolt, or Bar in it, more than when I came first to it, except a Stair-head Door to keep down Thieves : Such a Lye, and so ridiculous, one would think no Man of Sense could be guilty of : But how a Man of Conscience, a Professor of Religion, a Member of a Dissenting Church, can satisfy himself to do thus, and reconcile it to his Morality ! *God and himself only knows*, I pray God forgive it him, the Injury to me is a trifle.

Well ; their Warrant being executed, I came readily with them : The Officer who presently saw himself imposed upon, and that there was not the least occasion of Violence, admitted me very frankly, *being very much Indisposed*, to ride on Horse-back, while they came all after on Foot, sometimes a quarter of Mile behind ; nothing had been easier than for me to have rid away from them all, if I had thought fit ; but I had not Guilt enough to make me think of an Escape.

The next Project was, That all this was of a *Saturday*, that they might Triumph over me, and keep me in their Custody two Nights in suspense, without any Release : On the *Monday* I tendered Bail ; The scandalous Endeavours a Set of Men made use of, to fright, and deter Friends that were willing to Bail me, will deserve a particular Narration, and shall not want it. The unjust Endeavours used to represent my Bail, to my Lord Chief Justice, as insufficient, tho' ready to justify themselves upon Oath ; the malicious Prosecutors pretending to take upon themselves to enquire after, and give scandalous Characters of my Bail. And how my Lord in Justice delivered me *at last*, having undoubted Testimony of the sufficiency of my Bail, without giving them the trouble of Swearing. These all I reserve for a time, when it will be more proper to speak of it. These all are such Testimonies of a Malice, inconsistent with Gentlemen, with Christians, and with a just Cause, that I think I need say no more to them.

But when Posterity shall read this Paper, will

they not be apt to ask immediately, What dreadful Crime had this Man committed, that he should be used thus, Ho ? And what People were they who Prosecuted him ?

For the first, the Answer is short ; He has wrote two Books against the Pretender ; one exposing the ridiculous Reasons given against the Succession of the House of *Hannover* ; and the other exposing the foolish senseless Advantages which some alledge, should accrue to us by the admitting the Pretender : This is all the Crime, every jot of it, every tittle of it.

And which is still more Monstrous, the People who have done this, call themselves *Whigs* : But let me not prophane the Name of a *Whig* with such scandalous People's Characters ; I do confess at first I could not think Mr. *Ridpath* had been one of the Conspirators in this senseless piece of Malice ; but I think he plainly now allows himself to confederate with them.

Nor is it possible to assign, *Hellish Malice excepted*, any Reason why I am singled out to vent this *Party-Rage* upon ; a Man that has never been concerned with them, that knows not the Faces of one of them, nor ever Convers'd with them : But a their Malice is profound, so is the Reason of it.

It has fallen out unluckily for me, it seems, That the three Conspirators in this piece of Inhumanity upon me, are all under a Prosecution of publick Justice, for writing real Libells against the Queen ; and this I suppose made them blush at the thought of going with their Accusation, to the Offices of Secretaries of State, where their own Crimes were well known ; and this puts me in mind of a Story : A Boy, who was often, by his Truantry and ill Tricks subjected to needful Correction, had this unhappy piece of Malice rooted in his very Nature ; that as soon as he was gotten off from a Scourging, the first little Boy that he met with, less than himself, he would fall upon him, and beat him unmercifully ; and when any body ask'd his Reason, his Answer was, My Father has paid me severely, and why should not he be beat as well as I ? It happened once he fell inconsiderately upon a Boy, who, tho' less in bulk than himself, was equally strong, and truly the Boy turn'd again upon him, and wounded him, and indeed, beat him very handsomely ; and so he was Corrected by his Father for being a *Rogue*, and by his Playfellow, for being a *Fool* — Let Application make the Ass.